# THE TATLER.

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New Series.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, to MONDAY, JULY 23, 1832.

## GLANCES AT NEW BOOKS.

*Weal and Woe in Garveloch. A Tale.* (*Illustrations of Political Economy, No.* 6.) *By Harriet Martineau.* London. Fox: 1832.

This may be considered a sequel to the preceding volume, 'Ella of Garveloch.' The characters to whom we are there introduced reappear in this volume under altered aspects. The youths have become men and women, the men and women advancing towards old age. Times too are changed; the prosperity of Garveloch is superseded by famine, disease, and an increase of crime. These results the authoress traces in part to improvidence. One of the objects of the volume is to dissuade from early marriage, as productive of evil, by unduly increasing population. She illustrates this position with her usual good sense and ingenuity, and brings before the reader a variety of scenes and incidents in which the tendency of different modes of conduct is displayed. Ella shines through all, the good genius of the island, and in the end is mainly instrumental in restoring comparative prosperity. The tale is, upon the whole, rather melancholy; but its lessons are useful, and altogether, it will fully sustain the reputation of the authoress.

## CANAL TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

Away we trotted, and glided out of the town of Rochester in the most pleasant way imaginable, having changed our boat to the smartest on this route. It was the 'Walk-in-the-Water,' commanded by the pleasant Capt. Cody, as crack a rifle-shot as any in all the county of Monroe; and he had many rivals; one came on board with him just for a 'lark,' as far as the Deep Cut at Lockport (nearly 60 miles). Before I leave this bustling, active town, I will say a word or two for it. Perhaps, in the whole state of New York, there is not a spot more fertile in projects, where there is more chopping and changing, or better calculated for a speculation. I was myself bit with this mania, I think, for, stepping up to an English (Yorkshire) millwright, at the tobacco and threshing-machine mills, I anxiously asked him what the two *lots* near his mill were valued at? each might contain half an acre—mere building-strips, facing on the road, and running to the edge of the bank, along which the general water-course led. 'Three years ago,' said he, 'you might have had one for 600 dollars, and now they are cheap at 3000 each! I expect every day to see some one building on them;—how's your time?' 'That,' said I, '6000 for both lots?'—'Just so.' This was a sad blow to my speculations; 6000 l. aye, and next year they'll be 12,000 l. if Rochester continues a favourite location—there's the rub. Still without coveting a water-power lot, the whole county lies favourably, in gentle undulations, with the river and canal forming a cross through its centre; and only seven or eight miles from the Lake Ontario, which washes its northern border: and where too (at Charlotte) I believe the steamer calls, to and from Montreal, during the summer. Thus, then, you who are discontented, restless, or warm visionaries, in spying out good in a new world, dash on to Rochester; there get your rifle, your axe, and your plough; choose your own ground, but mind the leading marks; listen to what's said at the bars of the taverns, and by the black squirrel shooters, who know every creek where grows the live oak and chesnut, the walnut and hickory! Be not too far from the river or the main road (made or projected); pitch not in a swamp, or too level a part, and keep beside some bubbling creek, on which you can build a saw mill; be as near the town as the number of your dollars will let you, the land decreasing in value in exact proportion to advantages of carriage, in an exact mathematical ratio: in remote parts, less than a dollar the acre (4s.); in and near the town, already extravagantly valuable. But while this country keeps filling up with human beings at this rate, no matter where a man sits down, if he is industrious, makes some improvements, and can afford to wait, if he wishes eventually to get rid of his first purchase,—it must get more and more valuable from year to year.

There is nothing very remarkable from hence to Lockport, by Albion and Medina, both small villages—(the latter has salt works)—and many active mills along Oak Orchard Creek. Our horses, as they were nearly all the track, were excellent hacks, and so well shaped, shewing so much blood, that I should not be afraid to sport any of them in the ring in the Park. I observed the saddles of our postilions, or riding boys, were on a very clever construction, the flap continuing down below the stirrups, and thus forming a *pare-splash* in one, instead of having them separate, as we use them, riding. The Americans are very clever in leather, cabinet work, and tailoring. Nugee is American; and their *cut* is very much better than ours, generally speaking, country tailors and all: as are their chairs, tables, buffets, &c. so, too, is all their harness for agricultural purposes; nothing is long suffered to remain clumsy and ill-adapted. This is the sure effect of taking off the trammels of the trades. Any journeyman may set up when and where he pleases; and thus emulation and industry get a spur, and clever workmen will take the lead. This same 'freedom' of the city does as much harm in London and all England: and the granting patents for an unconscionable number of years, for inventions of a lighter nature, does great harm in repressing general convenience and improvement; but it would be too bad to grow serious on questions that are every day becoming better understood,—if good sense is but allowed fair play, and not officiously obscured and confused by knaves and fools.

Our horses trotted about five miles an hours on an average,—a trot, by the way, obliged by the pull of the boat's rope, so unequal in its tension, and awkward as a draft. We met boats innumerable with goods and passengers (between town and town) and the manner we passed each other was very handy; the horses checked

an instant, the coming boat glides over our tow-rope, while both boats remain in full career; the checked horses darting forward, soon run up the slack of their rope.

There were fewer houses built on the edge of the canal than I expected to have found, and those that were, seemed sorry affairs,—log huts, or shabby frame ones—with every appearance of neglect and poverty, so different from all sorts of buildings in and near the town; but I should say the Americans, like the French, are not a rural people; and no wonder, since it is the very thing they have so much occasion to get rid of; the eternal trees, and deep, impervious, romantic woods, feed nothing but the feathered and feline tribes, while a field of waving Indian corn, in spite of its stumps, gladdens a father's heart. Thence, too, there are no gardens; people are so busy on the useful earth, that the ornamental is not even thought of; even in the richest spots, and near the great cities, this exquisite taste is sickly enough. You may get anything and everything in an American market, but flowers.

The pleasant Captain had taken his rifle out of its case,—ditto his opponent,—at the stern of the boat, a small onion or potato was stuck on the tip of the boat-hook, and held by one of the stewards; then, from the fore part of the roof or deck, they alternately fired, following the line of the potato as it swept round the boat's meandering track; and now it seemed in one with the tip of the distant scorched pines that skirted the forest; and now ranged near cows in a meadow, or children at the door of their log-hut. 'Stop a bit, Captain—now you're clear!'—Bang—the potatoe was generally cut in half or notched by both parties. Sometimes the potato was relieved by a shot at an impudent hawk, that, from some tall blighted branch, eyed this strange moving cargo, that seemed intruding on his solitudes. The distance might be 100 yards; once his feathers were made to fly; though I saw none absolutely brought down: but both these men shot well enough to convince me they could, as they confidently asserted, as often hit as miss. The ball their rifles carried was 70 and 120 to the pound, the smallest being about the size of a buck-shot. Rifle-shooting is extremely pleasant; so I bought myself a rifle of Gilbert, the best maker in America, and went popping away; but not a black or grey squirrel did I hit, that I know of, though I became tolerably expert at a sheet of paper, at 150 yards. I think at New York there is a man who professes to hit a dollar at 200.

We now came to that ridge of rock which crosses the state, causing the falls of Niagara, and forms a sort of breast-work between the lakes Erie and Ontario. Through this bed, at Lockport, they have cut their way for several miles, in some places 20 and 30 feet in the solid rock. To gain the level of this ridge, the canal approaches by a deep ravine, and ascends by means of a double set of six most masterly locks. Here a town has sprung up, and various and several immense warehouses, as entrepôts, and as immense taverns, where many hundreds lodge during their stay in the vicinity of Niagara,—one road running directly to Lewistown, and thence to the Falls.

## WINE SONG.

*(From the German of Novalis.)*

From out the hills a God shall spring,
That God a heaven to us will bring.
The sun elected has the same,
That he may penetrate with flame.

In Spring conceiv'd with rapturous glow,
The tender womb shall gently grow,
When Autumn fruits are glittering bright,
The golden child shall leap to light.

The babe in narrow cradle lay,
Within deep vault conceal'd from day.
Of feasts and triumphs will he dream,
And build full many an airy scheme.

No footstep dare his halls draw nigh,
While his infuriate fit is high,
And every band and every chain
He bursts with useful strength in twain.

A guard invisible still keeps
Its station round him while he sleeps;
They hurl their ready spears anon,
If any tread the threshold on.

His sparkling eyes we may behold,
Whene'er his ample wings unfold,
To let his *high priest* enter there,
Or thence come out from offering prayer.

He will be seen in crystal vest
When from the cradle's womb express'd;
His hand contain a blushing rose,
The type of silence and repose,

And he surrounded, above all,
By his disciples' merry brawl,
A thousand tongues, which stammering prove
For him their gratitude and love.

His inward being shall stream forth
In countless rivers on the earth;
Love from his brimming goblet sip,
And dwell with him in fellowship.

Like spirit of the golden age,
The Bard enjoy his patronage;
The bard rehearse his beauty's praise,
In jovial songs and drunken lays.

The God, this service to requite,
Will grant him from fair lips a right:
And that no one should this oppose,
Through him all knowledge will disclose.

C. H.

## LETTER XXXIV OF MARGARET.

### PREPARATIONS FOR LEAVING TOWN.

London, —— Street.

Dear Emily,—Our pleasant soirées at the Dellmours and otherwise have experienced a great loss. Sir William Tyrrell, my dear, has returned to his pretty estate. Sophia expressed a wish to pass the summer there; the heat in London begins to grow intolerable, and she thinks her health will be benefitted by the change. Little Arthur remains with me, and accompanies the party to Brighton, whither it is settled we all remove at the end of this week.

Walter Campbell anticipates at last a successful termination to our business. I never before saw him so animated. S. has not only written to fix the time when he shall expect him, and named an earlier period than was at first mentioned, but requests him on no account to neglect bringing the papers, and speaks as if the affair were almost concluded.

On my uncle's account I am indeed anxious; my own ambition is bounded by the humble home where I was born. Yes, dear friend, I am almost satiated with pleasure (as it is called) and variety of companies. I long for quiet, for retirement, and books. In England I seem to have no home; a hired lodging is but a poor substitute for the name. The mansions of his Grace and the Delmours are splendid asylums rather than homes, for the Provençale orphan. I feel but half naturalized in England, where my religion and my frank habits are but on sufferance. The fashionable admirers I have gained to me are worthless; they have not touched my

heart; one amiable being whom I could love would be worth them all. In friendship alone have I found consolation: my heart is never disappointed in Walter Campbell, my dear Emily, and Lady Susan. Of late I have fancied Sir William's manner cool to me at times; less assiduous in providing me with books, more indifferent to my society, allowing any one to occupy the seat next me, praising Lord Brooke, and extenuating Sir Lealie even to my face. N'importe,—I must not expect to be happy in all my friendships.

I am so much engaged with packing and preparations for my own and Walter Campbell's journey, besides copying a host of old deeds and family papers, that I shall not be able to write to you before I leave this huge bustling city. The faithful Duncan goes with my uncle as his body 'squire. Fanchon accompanies little Arthur and me, to renovate her old age by sea air and bathing. Joking apart, the poor animal grows infirm, and my spirits are so low, that I cannot bear the idea of losing even this four-footed faithful retainer. Adieu.

Ever your affectionate

MARGARET.

## MR KEMBLE AND MR KNOWLES.

SIR,—In the misunderstanding that has arisen between these two gentlemen, in which the public appear to have sided with the latter, I think it but fair that Mr Kemble and the other parties managing the Covent Garden establishment should be cleared from the charge of unfair dealing towards Mr Knowles. For this end I would put the following questions to that gentleman, and of course through him to the public; leaving all parties to decide (if these be the true statements of the agreement between Mr Knowles and the Managers) as to the real injustice with which the aggrieved gentleman has been treated.

In the first place, did not Mr Knowles receive 400*l.* for the copy-right of his play, by mutual consent, of forty pounds weekly instalments?

Was not Mr Knowles engaged at 10*l.* per week as an actor; the salary to continue to the end of the season, whether the *Hunchback* succeeded or not?

In addition to the above agreement, did not Mr Knowles receive the *gratuity* of a benefit, by which he *is said* to have realised 300*l.*?

Can Mr Knowles complain of a single infringement of his compact? Has he not realised, from first to last, 1000*l.* by his play?

If these things be so, what rational ground for disagreement can he have with the Committee conducting the Covent Garden establishment?—I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

ONE OF THE COMPANY.

## THEATRICALS.

GERMAN OPERAS.

LAST night Madame Devrient took her leave in the part of *Fidelio*. The house was well filled, and the audience a rapturous one. We part from her with regret, yet with gratitude for the many pleasant thoughts to which her very high accomplishments have given rise. We shall think of her fine and passionate singing; of her extraordinary performance; of her picturesque, and Madonna-like figure and actions; and of her cordial and womanly voice. This last will dwell with us for months. She and Haitzinger, and Hauser (who by the way has not had justice done him for his excellent personation of the gaoler) and Mademoiselle Schneider, are gone to Manchester. Wherever Madame Devrient may go she will secure the admiration and good wishes of her auditors, for she is a person who wears the appearance of being a sincere hearted woman, as well as an eminently gifted one, beyond any public performer we remember to have seen. We wish her health, happy thoughts, and a speedy return among us. She will no where receive a more hearty welcome: her dismissal last evening may convince her of this.

FRENCH PLAYS.

*La Fille d'Honneur*, a regular comedy in rhyme, was performed on Thursday evening, to a very full and fashionable audience. The heroine (Mademoiselle Mars) is brought up by a Baron and his lady as an orphan, and to a ripe age, in so complete a state of subjection and degradation, that, as she says in her own account of her life, she 'envied even the servants and vassals in the establishment.' Suddenly the conduct of her guardians undergoes a marked change, and she is informed that she is to be introduced at court. At this juncture the father of *Charles*, her lover, who passes with the Baron and his family for a rich merchant, steps in and rescues her from the machinations of her guardians; for he has discovered that their sole object in presenting her at court, was, to advance their own interests, by giving her to the Prince as his mistress. The pretended merchant and his son (the latter of whom is treated with sovereign contempt, on account of his ostensible occupation as a secretary) turn out to be of noble family—the Count de Rosenthal; and *La Fille d'Honneur* receives the reward due to a virtuous conduct, by being nobly and happily allied for life.

The exquisitely delicate and lady-like deportment of Mademoiselle Mars, the amusing and unforced humour of M. Laporte, who performed the part of a grasping courtier—a chevalier; and the level excellence of all the other characters, down to the footman, who was most worthy to serve in an aristocratic establishment, all contributed to render this comedy an unalloyed evening's gratification.

We should like to know which of our actresses, holding the same rank in the profession with Mademoiselle St Ange, would condescend to appear in a part occupying five or ten minutes before the audience, comprising also about the same number of lines.

*La Jeune Femme Colère*, and the graceful Taglioni, filled up the evening's amusement.

HAYMARKET.

WE were prevented by indisposition from seeing more than a part of the new farce of the *Court Jester*, adapted from the French by Mr C. Mathews, junior. We saw enough, however, to enable us to say that it is highly amusing, and that Farren is as usual the main prop of the piece. We admire Farren exceedingly; but we do not like to see, in all the new pieces, all the honours dealt to one hand.

NEW STRAND.

THERE were two new pieces here on Wednesday, both successful.

The first, *A Day in Paris*, written by Mr Selby the actor, is framed out of old materials, but it is lively, and we get to the end without yawning.

*Charles Wyndham* (Abbott) about to be married to *Emily Grenville* (Miss Crisp) sets off to Paris to pass a day of frolic ere he parts from the cherished name of bachelor. *Emily* anticipates him, assumes various characters, in which she encounters him, finds out his little weaknesses, and that love for her is secure among them all, and in the end discovers herself and forgives his frolic, and gives him her hand.

Abbott, Miss C. Crisp, and Mitchell, as Abbott's servant, played their respective characters very cleverly. As to playing a variety of characters in one piece, without allu-

sion to Miss Crisp, we cannot but think the merit greatly overrated. It is an actor's business to play many parts, and if they be not done with strict discrimination, (and they are not in general) there is really little to boast of.

Of the other piece, *Wheedling; or, Love in a Snow Storm*, we intended to say a good deal, for we were highly pleased both with it and with the very effective acting of it, which together drew from us some most hearty bursts of laughter, and kept our countenance in a pleasant state of susceptibility to all such lively impulses. There was first *Giles Bolter*, the miller (Williams), wheedling *Sampson Sledge*, the smith (Keeley) into a marriage with his daughter. She poor girl, *Susan* (Miss Ayres) had before been wheedled by *Blossom* (Selby), and would fain hear nothing of the intended match. *Patty*, her cousin (Mrs Honey) is glad that matters should be so, for she has herself taken a fancy to *Sampson*, and accordingly sets her wits to work to bring him to her way of thinking, and relieve *Susan* of an unwelcome lover. The manner in which she succeeds is highly amusing. *Sampson* sits down with her unsuspectingly, but before he gets up finds she has completely wheedled him out of his heart, which indeed was elsewhere very slightly engaged. The termination is satisfactory to all parties.

The acting was excellent, particularly that of Keeley and Mrs Honey. We shall speak of it another time. Mr Honey is a new performer, young, handsome, arch, and clever. Of course we liked her.

Mr Lunn is the author of the piece.

VAUXHALL.

WE paid a visit on Thursday to these delightful gardens, for the purpose of witnessing the pleasure of the young folks whom the announcement of the Juvenile Fête, and the agreeable concomitant of fine weather, were sure to bring there. We were not disappointed. The gardens were numerously attended; the juveniles, of every age from 2 to 20, abundant; and smiles and wonderment sat on the faces of all. The entertainments were varied from ordinary nights; instead of the burletta, (an amusing piece of its kind), there was more of jugglery, ball and knife-catching, gymnastics, &c. and we have no doubt that yesterday the spirit of imitation was strongly manifested, and that tossing up and catching, and failing to catch, oranges, were very extensively practised. The optical illusions are curious, as usual: one pair of snuffers looking like two, grave faces looking broad, and long ones short, people in love with themselves cured by a peep into an unflattering mirror, and many other equally perplexing undiscoveries. There used to be an optical illusion more impressive than all the rest,—ham,—which seen from a distance, *seemed* half a pound on a plate, but brought near, *was* half a quarter of an ounce.

'Twas distance lent enchantment to the view.'

Strange that it should lend also the appearance of magnitude. After this came the long faces. Then there were fowls of Lilliputian origin, as objects of sight really curious; but when intent on a hearty meal, how have we sighed for a plump sparrow! How they manage now, we know not, for since our connection with the press, we have eschewed these vanities. But to return to times present. The German *Siffleur* was there mocking the birds, who no doubt reckon him one of themselves. The concert is improved this year; Mrs Waylett, Miss Coveney, Mrs Keeley, Templeton, Stansbury, Bedford, Robinson, &c. constitute the vocal corps. Among the instrumental is Mr Distin with his horn. Last night we thought it comparatively poor. Mr Williams's comic song was not a hit; the wit, like a waiter, was always 'coming,' we thought, but it never came. In a good comic glee, Mr Templeton successfully resisted every attempt to make him smile; we hope next time he will be conquered. The illuminations and fire-works were nothing short of '*superbe*,' and filled the gardens with notes of admiration.

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There is a Miss Angel at the Queen's Theatre, just now, of whom we have heard favourably. We shall take an early opportunity of seeing her.

THE PUFF PRELUSIVE.—Considerable interest has been excited in the theatrical circles, by the very promising talents of a young lady, who is expected to make her first appearance at one of the winter theatres, in the course of the ensuing season. Report speaks highly of the abilities of the fair aspirant for dramatic honours, who is said to possess in an unusual degree, the personal as well as the mental qualifications required to support that superior range of characters, which have of late years greatly failed in their effect, from the absence of an adequate representative.—*Courier*.—[If something like this shall be said *after* the appearance anticipated, the young lady will do very well. In the mean time, let us not be too sanguine, or we may be unjust to the young lady's real merits; for 'Report' and 'It is said' are most unscrupulous testifiers of coming wonders.]

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## NOTICE TO THE READER.

Notwithstanding that we have already made some change in our paper, and that changes are not, generally speaking desirable either for readers or proprietors, we beg to announce another, which we resort to as the most eligible expedient in the present peculiar state of the periodical press.

The next Number of the TATLER will be published on Saturday morning next, the 28th inst. and will consist of sixteen pages of the present size. Among other articles, it will contain an original Poem on Planting, by F. Edgworth, Esq. a younger brother of Miss Edgworth, an article on the Book Trade, and communications from the most esteemed and regular Correspondents of the TATLER: Reviews, Theatricals, &c.

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